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EDITORIAL NOTICE:—The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.... It is preferred that MSS. should be typewritten.

NOTES OF THE WEEK

It is certainly not worth while quarrelling with France over the Protectorate of Syria. We understand that the League of Nations is to distribute protectorates over territories that can't govern themselves amongst the Great Powers as trustees or mandatories of the League, which in its turn is the Trustee of Humanity. All this sounds well enough: but how is it to work? The mandatory is to furnish the army and the officials necessary to govern the territory that can't govern itself: and presumably the mandatory is to get something, some few *pots de vin*, to recoup itself for trouble and expense. The protectorate of Syria will be no "rosy job," whoever gets it: and if the French want it, why not let them have it? France has a traditional interest in Syria and Palestine; for did not the French drag us into the Crimean war against Russia over the custody of the keys and the Holy Places?

Of one thing, however, it is just as well to remind the French plainly and firmly. The expulsion of the Turk from Egypt, Palestine, Syria, and Mesopotamia, and the present occupation of those territories, are due to British armies and generals alone. When it comes to signing peace with Turkey and cutting up the Turkish empire in Asia, it is absurd for Frenchmen like M. de Caix or for Italian statesmen to wrangle over their respective shares of booty, and to accuse England of intrigues. Had it not been for Generals Maude and Allenby and the British Tommies, neither France nor Italy would have been able to secure an acre of Asia Minor. Of the Five Great Allies that compose the Entente, England and America were the only ones that drove no bargain. Russia bargained for Constantinople: France bargained for Alsace-Lorraine and Syria: and Italy drove the most grasping bargain of all, the Tyrol, Trieste, Dalmatia, the Dodecanese, and a large slice of Asia Minor. As for the fiction that these Powers were fighting "to make the world safe for democracy" (which President Wilson still believes or affects to believe), you have only to look at the Secret Treaties.

The protectorate of Syria is complicated by the fact that its population is heterogenous, of different races and religions, and very quarrelsome. The minority, who have drifted there from Egypt and the Levant,

are Christians and Jews, and they want French rule, because the French language and civilisation prevail in Alexandria and have crept along the coast of Asia Minor. The majority of Syrians, however, are Mohammedans by religion and Arabs by race, and they prefer British rule; partly because British power is traditional in that part of the world, and partly because they know that the King of Britain is a great Mohammedan sovereign in India. More than a year ago the SATURDAY REVIEW warned the public and the Government that in setting up a new Arabic kingdom, with a Mohammedan prince on the throne, between Cairo and Constantinople, they were creating trouble for the future. The Arabs and the Turks hate one another; both are barbarians; and the only question for us, as a Western Power, was, shall we choose Turks or Arabs to administer these territories? We have chosen the Arabs, and we shall rue it. Possibly, we were obliged to choose the Arabs, as at the beginning of the war we wanted their aid against the Turks.

Indisputably it is in the interest of England and the whole world that Bolshevism in Russia should be crushed. The so-called Russian Government of Lenin and Trotsky supports itself by murder and robbery, while the rest of Russia is starving in the midst of plenty, because all the young men are forced into the Red Army, and because there are neither means of production nor of transport. The rouble is quite worthless, and the towns cannot even barter their products for the peasants' food, because the artisans no longer manufacture. Red Russia is a blot on the world's map, and so long as it remains red there can be no economic rehabilitation of Europe. The illimitable resources of this rich and vast country are locked up by the Terrorists, or, rather, they are rotting away.

All this is admittedly true, and Mr. Churchill's, or the Government's, policy in helping to fight the Bolsheviks is in principle quite sound. The only question is whether in the present state of its finances England can afford to man, and feed, and finance a war against Bolshevik Russia. We are sorry to say that in our present state of indebtedness and daily expenditure we are not in a position to lead a crusade or wage a war against any red or black guards. Neither are our European Allies, France and Italy. The only country which is financially in a position to take in hand the crushing of Bolshevism, and the restoration of order

in Russia, is the United States; and we should have thought it worth their while to do so. That certain organs in the Press and certain sections of Labour denounce Mr. Churchill is due either to ignorance of the appalling condition of the Russian working-classes or to sympathy with anarchy.

Mr. Stuart Bunning, the year's president, addressed a very plain and courageous condemnation of "direct action" to the Trade Union Congress at Glasgow. "Direct action" means a concerted and as far as possible universal strike of workmen in order to force the Government and Parliament to do or not to do something. It is, of course, the direct negation of representative government by an elected legislature. No Government, as Mr. Bunning pointed out, could avoid resistance to "direct action" by the Trade Unions: non-resistance would mean acceptance of the Soviet system, whose working we have witnessed in Russia. Resistance by the Government, and a universal strike of workmen, would mean revolution, to be settled by civil war. The faculty of "pulling up in time" has been said by a well-known writer to be the secret of the success of British representative institutions in the past. Let us hope that organised Labour will pull up in time.

The policy of Messrs. Smillie, Hodges and Williams is so frankly anti-national that we can't imagine why "Dora"—"Some empire yet in her expiring glance"—does not arrest them while she still has the power. The "nationalisation" policy, like all great ideas, is startlingly simple. The electors of the United Kingdom are now some twenty millions. The members of the Trade Unions are certainly five millions, perhaps more. Now, a vote of a quarter or 25 per cent. of the whole is quite sufficient to put any Government out and any Government in power. Messrs. Smillie and Co. aspire to play the part in British politics so long and so effectively played by Parnell and the Irish Nationalists, namely, to hold the balance of power, and throw their vote to whichever party promises and gives them most.

Private owners of mines and, generally, private employers of labour, are out for profits on their capital, and not for votes. Therefore private owners must be abolished, and the Government put in their place. Nationalisation of mines, and of all industries (for once mines are nationalised all other trades will be forced to follow suit) means more and more wages for less and less work, to be extorted by progressive turns of the voting screw. That this must lead to national bankruptcy is probably clear to Messrs. Smillie and Co., who are not fools; but it doesn't worry them in the least. When bankruptcy arrives, the revolution and the Soviet arrive too. Down with the Union Jack and up with the red flag. The men we blame far more than Smillie & Co., who only act after their kind, are the so-called intellectuals, Messrs. Webb, Tawney, and Chiozza-Money, who "lend their arm to shake the tree," and who dope the public with prattle about "co-ordination," civic duty, and so on.

Sir Thomas Polson wrote a very sensible letter to the *Times* last week in which he suggested that the name "Unionist" might now be dropped by the large political party which forms the majority of the Coalition. The name Unionist was adopted in 1886 to designate those who were opposed to Gladstone's scheme of Home Rule, and as a bridge by which the Whigs under Lord Hartington and the Radicals under Mr. Joseph Chamberlain might cross into the Tory camp. All that is "part and parcel of the hideous past," and the Tories or Conservatives were then, as they are now, the large majority of the party of moderate and sensible men. Why not revive the name of the Conservative party, those who wish to correct what is bad, and to conserve what is good, including our ancient constitution, and the rights of private property, and individual freedom?

The name Tory has an inspiring historical tradition, descending from Bolingbroke, through the second Pitt, to Derby and Beaconsfield. But it is an impossible badge in Scotland, which is full of Conservatives who would die rather than label themselves Tory. The cynical Bagehot declared that Bolingbroke and Disraeli adopted the word "Tory" because it meant nothing, or anything they chose. There is a dash of truth in the sneer. On the other hand, Moderate is a bad and depressing name for a fighting army, as the Conservatives have discovered in London municipal contests. Most Englishmen are in reality moderate in their views, but they don't like to be told so, no more than they like to be told that they are sentimental. Every man and woman who has a banking account, however modest, and a roof to sleep under, is, and must be in these days, Conservative, whatever party cockade he or she may mount, and all of us have to fight three powerful enemies, State Socialism, Syndicalism, and Bolshevism, that are always ready to join forces to overthrow order and property.

In former days diplomatists, statesmen, generals and admirals were content to leave their performances in a great war to the judgment of the succeeding generation. Kinglake's *History of the Crimean War* did not begin to be published until some ten years after the event. Nowadays, diplomatists and generals and admirals won't wait, but rush into print before the peace treaties have been ratified. Three American Ambassadors (Gerard, Morgenthau, and Brand Whitlock) have published books; and now Admiral von Tirpitz follows hot-foot upon the heels of General Ludendorff. We may shortly expect the apologies of Hindenburg, the Kaiser, and Bethmann Hollweg. We are not publishers or booksellers, who presumably know their trade. But we cannot understand how it can be good business for a publisher to pay Admiral von Tirpitz a large sum for his *Memoirs*, and then to sell "the guts" of the book to the newspapers, who publish them (the guts) in advance. We, for instance, have read Ludendorff and von Tirpitz in the newspapers, and will not buy the books.

Admiral von Tirpitz certainly proves himself to be the ablest man in Germany, and England's most formidable enemy. The moment England declared war on the 4th August, 1914, von Tirpitz saw at a glance that England was the enemy to be crushed, not France or Russia. The Admiral saw in a moment, as no other of his countrymen did, that England's entry as a belligerent was unprovided for in the elaborate plans and time-tables of the Army Headquarters Staff. Therefore he advocated the scrapping of all these time-tables and strategies; and instead of marching on Paris, he wanted Moltke to make for the Coast and seize Calais. Luckily for us, Moltke refused to scrap his elaborate programme of a speedy peace dictated in Paris. Had the German Army and Navy concentrated their movements on the coast, and taken Calais, it might have gone hard with us. We should have been obliged to send our troops to Havre and Cherbourg; while from Calais London was to have been bombarded by Long Berthas and aeroplanes.

One of the most impressive (and entertaining) passages is the view which von Tirpitz, the Kaiser and Bethmann Hollweg took of the "pro-German" Lord Haldane, who extorted the Admiral's "admiration" by the adroitness and boldness of his negotiations. Lord Haldane sought to amuse the excitable Kaiser by offers of vast African territories (belonging to Portugal and Belgium), while retaining for England the trifle of the Cape to Cairo railway, in other words, the whole of Africa. Nothing could induce Lord Haldane to promise neutrality towards Germany, saying quite honestly that we were under obligations to France and Russia; while on the question of navy building he stuck to "the two keels for one," refusing to consider the three to two proposition of the Germans. And this is the man whom our *Jingo Press* hounded out of public life as a pro-German, and whom women and little boys followed with jeers to his own door-step!

We always said that Lord Haldane had been infamously treated by the Press and the public, and even by his own colleagues, who didn't dare to reveal the fact that on his return from Berlin Lord Haldane circulated a memorandum to the Cabinet, telling them all he knew. If Lord Haldane's colleagues didn't read his memorandum, being at that time absorbed in adjusting the differences between Mr. Redmond and Sir Edward Carson, it was not his fault. As a matter of cold fact, Great Britain was the only one of the belligerents who was really prepared in August, 1914, to meet her engagements, and meet them we did to the hour. That we were so prepared was due almost entirely to Lord Haldane, to whose conduct as War Minister we owed the existence of our Territorial Army and our Expeditionary Force. Every General will admit this, which was denied by nobody but the fire-eaters of Fleet Street. Of course, neither Lord Haldane nor anybody else foresaw the length and extent of the war. We see that Lord Fisher is now claiming the credit for the presence of the British Fleet in the Channel and the North Sea. Let him decide that point with Mr. Churchill.

Lord Beresford, better known as "Charlie B.," combined the rôles of sailor, politician, and man of fashion. He succeeded equally with the highest and the lowest classes of his countrymen. With the former he had the gay and flattering manners of an Irish aristocrat: for the latter he could assume the breezy bluntness of the quarterdeck. He was, of course, a good deal of an actor, but a pleasant and well-bred one. He commanded the Mediterranean and Channel Fleets successively; but of his professional competence we are not qualified to speak. Though he was always either being elected or retiring from the House of Commons, it was impossible to take him seriously as a politician, because his politics always turned out to be a quarrel with an individual. Mr. Churchill's cruel criticism of Charlie B.'s speeches was largely true—"When he gets up, he doesn't know what he is going to say; when he is up, he doesn't know what he is saying; and when he sits down, he doesn't know what he has said."

With all his faults Lord Beresford was a gentleman. The same cannot be said of Lord Fisher. His articles or letters to the *Times* are a farrago of vulgar egotism and baseless boasting, couched in the slang of the streets. When grave matters of national import are being discussed by one who has held the highest professional appointments, we are entitled to demand that the controversy shall be carried on in decent and dignified language. The Duke of Wellington used to "damn" and "by God" a great deal in conversation; but his despatches and memoranda are models of pure and restrained English. Besides, "Jacky" Fisher is not the great Duke. When a man tries to gain the public ear by shouting oaths and the catch-words of corner boys, we begin to suspect the value of his matter. All this noise belongs to the forcible-feeble style of writing.

There is one statement about Colonel Bersey which we beg unreservedly to withdraw. We said or wrote that during the war he gave "Lucullan banquets." Lucullus was a Roman general who amassed a fortune by profiteering in his Asiatic campaigns against Mithridates and other varieties of Huns. On his retirement from war and politics, he surrounded himself with poets, artists, and men of letters, to whom he gave dinners in Rome, at Tusculum, and at Neapolis which have been famous during nineteen centuries for their cookery and conversation. We have not a tittle of producible evidence that Colonel Bersey resembles Lucullus in any one respect: and therefore we apologise to Colonel Bersey for comparing him to Lucullus; and we apologise to Lucullus (in the Elysian Fields) for comparing him to Colonel Bersey.

We have received a further letter from Colonel Bersey's solicitors in which they tell us that their client, when he went to the Isle of Wight for his holiday, did not know that a Committee of the House of Commons was inquiring into the Air Force, for a branch of which he was responsible. Although assertion is not evidence, we accept and publish this statement, as we are quite willing that if we criticise Colonel Bersey, he should contradict us in his own way. But when we are served with a writ and told by the solicitors that we have published "a most serious libel" because we said it was "very odd" that Colonel Bersey should not have known of the inquiry, we can only reply, like Mr. Burchell, "Fudge!" *Un chien peut regarder un évêque*; a cat may look at a king; and the SATURDAY REVIEW may surely say that Colonel Bersey's conduct appeared odd.

Colonel Bersey was a public Government official, on whose conduct (apart from his non-appearance at the inquiry) a Committee of the House of Commons reported in unfavourable terms. To issue writs of libel against those who accept and comment on the Committee's report is mere foolishness, as Colonel Bersey's advisers ought to know. "Those who play at bowls must expect rubbers"; and a company director who is converted into a colonel, and accepts, along with the glory of a red hat and salutes from real soldiers, responsible public duties, must bear the bitters of criticism along with the sweets of office. Colonel Bersey's conduct in regard to Miss Douglas Pennant, admitted by himself in a War Office file, will require "some" explanation.

An American lady wrote anonymously to the papers about a week ago complaining of the badness and dearness of English hotels. She has good grounds for her complaint. Our hotels were never good, even before the war: now they are well nigh intolerable; ruinous prices; bad food; and almost no service. Owing to the absorption by the Government at absurd wages of the women who used to be in domestic service, very many families are forced to shut up their houses and live in hotels, which, being crowded, rob as much as they please, and answer all complaints by showing you the door. But hotel-keeping never was, nor ever will be, a congenial business for Britons. The Swiss, the French, the Swedes, the Austrians, the Germans are all good hotel-keepers. They like the business, and conduct it as if it was not only profitable, but pleasant. But a Briton thinks hotel-keeping is derogatory to his dignity. Consequently, the waiters are either patronising, or surly; the manager hovers perpetually on the verge of impertinence; the chambermaids are preoccupied about their love affairs; and the cooks depart for the cinemas at 7.15 sharp.

September is a pleasant mid-season for Brighton. Whitechapel has departed, and Bayswater has not yet arrived. The Hove aristocracy is still in Scotland, and one is not oppressed by the sight of its overflowing opulence. The Metropole is full all the year round of apparently the same people, enjoying the same band, wearing the same gowns, and eating the same dinner. But there are left one or two good old-fashioned hotels like the Norfolk, where you can be quiet and rich and well fed. Yet what a monument of tawdry Regency hideousness and back-street squalor is Brighton! From Lewes Square in Kemp Town to the Grand Avenue in Hove is one long row of ugly houses, most of them built about a hundred years ago, and left exactly as they always have been, and the new King's Gardens built of glaring yellow brick. The Brightonians have never planted trees like Eastbourne, and have not yet discovered that in a hot staring front, looking south, the blinds should be outside, not inside, the windows. Brighton houses, most of them, still use Venetian blinds, an abomination.

THE OMEN OF SHANTUNG.

WHAT may prove to be the most tragic of the ironies in which the Great War has ended is developing in the United States. During the decade before 1914, as the shadow of the coming conflict deepened over Europe, men grew to think of it as inevitable, a curse laid by the Fatal Sisters on mankind. Later, as the extent of the disaster became apparent, Humanity tried to assure itself that this was the war which would end war. To-day in the United States the same notion of inevitable conflict is suggesting itself to men's minds, based on the same terrible realities of economic and race interests. The fierce opposition to the Shantung clause of the Peace Treaty, whatever may be the tactical motives of some of the protagonists, derives its strength among the mass of American citizens from their hostility to Japan. For the first time since Saratoga, the American people is feeling the secular menace under which every people in Europe has lived since its inception: the apprehension of conflict with a power threatening its national future.

There is no necessity to trace in detail the reasons for American hostility to Japan. As an American writer recently put it, "Japan has a population nearly double that of the whole United States west of the Mississippi, all in an area somewhat less than the State of California," and a rapidly increasing birth-rate. Hence Japanese necessity for expansion. Korea and Manchuria do not afford the necessary scope for colonization, as distinct from exploitation, for the reason that they are already inhabited by a population with a lower standard of life than that of the Japanese. Instinct of race has driven Americans, Canadians and Australians to erect legislative barriers against the immigration of Japanese, barriers the existence of which the Japanese resent. Further, the exploitation of the resources of China, with its natural wealth and its docile labouring population, is at issue between the two nations. The growth of the Japanese maritime Empire and overseas commerce and her consequent desire for naval and coaling stations are held potentially to threaten America's "reasonable heritage upon the sea," of which Samoa, the Philippines, and Hawaii are the outposts. The autocratic, military character of the Japanese State increases the feeling of distrust in the United States. During the period of American neutrality one of the factors which told most heavily against the Allies was their alliance with Japan. The latter's activities during the War have greatly increased American apprehension of her designs. It will be remembered that after the capture of Kiaochow, Japan in 1915 presented to China a series of twenty-one demands, the effect of which was to secure to Japan the entire reversion of Germany's rights in Kiaochow and the Shantung Peninsula, and to place Japan in a privileged position in regard to the political and economic control of China and the exploitation of Chinese resources. In response to an ultimatum China gave way. In February and March, 1917, before China declared war, Japan obtained the consent of England and France to her enjoyment of these privileges, which consent was embodied in Secret Treaties. At the Paris Conference China requested the abrogation of the Treaties on the ground that they were invalidated by her entry into the War, as incompatible with the dignity and independence of an Allied and Sovereign Power. England and France had to stand by their word. Despite considerable pressure from Japan, the Chinese Delegation stood their ground, and appealed to Mr. Wilson, who, of course, was not a party to the Secret Treaties. Mr. Wilson protested to Japan and gave way. The position which Japan has thus attained in China has thoroughly alarmed opinion in the United States. The view shared by all parties is that in subscribing to the Peace Treaty the United States is betraying China, and is estopping herself from protesting in the future against further and unlimited encroachments by Japan in China.

Cross-examined by the Foreign Relations Committee, Mr. Wilson stated that when the United States entered the War, and when the Fourteen Points were formulated, "it was in ignorance of the Secret Treaties."

If Mr. Wilson should fail in America it will be the logical sequence of his failure at Paris. Passionless disinterested realism there would have been of supreme value; it might even have created a Treaty which enlightened self-interest would have united the nations to guarantee. But Mr. Wilson's worst enemies have never called him a "real politician." Finding at Paris that his idealism was hopelessly incapable of settling the specific questions at issue, he sacrificed not merely his principles, but common sense, in order to obtain acquiescence in the League. And now America will either not ratify, or will ratify in a manner which is purely formal. Whether ratification is refused, or is conceded with reservations, matters little. The League, a doubtful experiment at best, cannot possibly be more than a form without the active, constant, interested support of America. Such support must be inspired by faith, and American faith in the League sprang from the same *naïve* conception of the conflict which inspired such phrases as "making the world safe for Democracy" and "ending war for all time." This conception could only have thriven widely among a people never threatened by hostile neighbours; never confronted within the confines of their vast continent with the need for expansion which has impelled wave after wave of peoples across Europe in intermittent conflict. This *naïve* conception, and with it active faith in the League, has vanished before the disillusionment which started with the peace negotiations and has completed itself in Shantung. Our belief that the close of a disastrous war was not the time in which so idealistic a conception could be made practicable has been confirmed. The reflections on our own and French diplomacy, unjustified though they are, hasten the process of withdrawal of the United States from the maelstrom of territorial and economic follies in which the Peace Treaty has involved Europe. The hopes that, especially in France, were raised by American participation in the Conference, must be put aside. The Senate may ratify the Treaty, the League may come formally into existence; but the Gallicizing of the Rhineland, the maintenance of the West Slav Belt, will receive no assistance from America, whose gaze is set loweringly across the Pacific.

THE CONQUEST OF ENGLAND.

THERE were two of us, and we sat among the heather upon a high cliff on the Southern Coast of England. Tradition said that of this particular ground Hengist had taken seisin in the days when England was made and conquered in the fashion so amply and possibly so erroneously described for us in the celebrated works of John Richard Green. There, at any rate, just below us, was the ditch which Hengist had made for the better protection of his camp on the headland—and what better proof could an historian reasonably desire? Was it not, moreover, just the right kind of place from which an intelligent pagan with a gift for tactics and strategy might securely harry the fat lands of a Christian country? Directly in view was the little haven where the ships of the Saxon might enter, and there were two rivers to tempt him according to that approved formula of J. R. G., into a further investigation of his predestined inheritance. Almost certainly somebody must have come into England by that gate, and why should it not have been Hengist as well as another? Sitting up there we liked to think it was Hengist. Names heard and mastered at a tender age, though we know almost nothing about their owners, lend a kind of snugness to our thoughts, and for some reason or other Hengist was a name which had stuck in our imagination. He was one of the beginnings of English history, and we liked to find him there, where

English history lay so thick upon the ground. From where we sat we could see a famous home of English monks, a mill mentioned in Domesday, and a haven which had known every kind of English sea mischief. One was thankful to be there and to believe, as in that moment of blessed ignorance we believed, that this piece of English sea-coast was still accessible by law and custom to English wayfarers, and to observe that for the moment the place was under no immediate threat of dishonourment. At a decent distance to the west was a small sea-side suburb of a larger watering-place. To the east was a delightful stretch of dune, and then the dunes of an estuary, where one solitary black house stood forlorn but impregnable, set about with boats and nets, with old anchors and a capstan and other wholesome signs.

For a moment we were dithyrambic upon the inviolable Englishness of the place, its marine sanctities and earthy liberties. Here, at last, was England, and here she would live for ever. Our friend, however, failed to respond. He seemed to have something on his mind. He looked at us with pitiful eyes. He said he was sorry to disillusion us; but that, since we must know it sooner or later (for every decent soul in that countryside ached with the horror of it), he had better enlighten us without delay. The place no longer belonged to England. English wayfarers had no right to be sitting where we were sitting. The ground had been sold from under our feet, and in the ordinary lawful course of things one more bit of English Coast would be secluded from English intrusions. He named a wealthy American tradesman, closely associated with the discovery that it is cheaper and easier to run a big shop than to run a little one. The headland on which we sat belonged to this American. Hengist was neither here nor there. Hengist had had the most definite notice to quit. It was being said that the American was prepared, if necessary, to spend two million pounds (or was it dollars?) in making that countryside too hot for Hengist altogether. Our friend spoke largely of plans for developing an estate. The country was full of rumours. In some quarters it was alleged that, as the summit of Hengist's headland was too small to accommodate the castle in which his successor desired to live, workmen would be employed to cut the headland down in order that a broader base might thereby be secured. Hengist had merely abolished sufficient headland to make himself a ditch; but to-day we breed pirates of a larger growth. There was talk also of an ornamental walk along the shores of the haven, and some ingenious author of scandal had even invented a kind of aquarium, where fishes from the sea would shortly be seen swimming under glass for the delight and instruction of persons with transatlantic tastes. Agents with maps and plans had been notoriously busy down below in the black house itself, that last citadel of England which, most happy to relate, had not yet been secured along with the rest of Hengist's property. Further, we had in front of us practical evidence of the disaster about to ensue in certain trees methodically planted apparently with the intention of converting an English wilderness into some kind of artificial American or cinema landscape.

We looked rather more closely at the black house, which, so it seemed, was at that moment as the patrimony of Naboth in the eyes of Ahab. It certainly did not fit in with any of the schemes with which rumour appeared to be busy. It stood stout and square at the far point of the estuary. Under its windows the tides raced and tumbled into and out of the haven. Among the gear which lay about the beach, within throwing distance of the house, were rows of ungainly lobster pots and other homely evidences of labour cheerfully incompatible with castles and groves and marine aquaria. Clearly the black house could not live in the same landscape with the plans of our American friend. It would be a struggle between them, and somehow the black house did not look as if it were built to be beaten. But who knows? The bankbook has destroyed many an English citadel bigger and stronger than the black house. We may

yet live to see some pavilion or hotel upon that rude site; and geraniums may yet grow where the fishermen's nets to-day are spread to dry in the sun and where anchors fret among the stones under the pull of the tides as they come and go. And all that wild stretch of dune and mud and marsh and cliff and heather may yet be the kind of place one sees on the screen when we are privileged to behold rich Americans in their country mansions.

As we descended a little later into the valley the evening light was fading. The sea lanterns at Hurst, the Needles, and St. Catherine's brightened the solitude, and there were a few rare lights from the little villages on the opposite shore of the haven. There was yet no sign of the artificial desolation to come, and we could still enjoy the desolation of nature, relieved by the lapping of water against boats at anchor, the dry note of wind among the heather and the cries of sea-birds feasting on the mud-banks. Enjoying Nature's own desolation and thinking of that which was threatened, we asked our friend what in his own mind he would call a man who could carry out the schemes with which local rumour was busy.

Our friend considered the question carefully for a moment. "I should call him an American," he said at last.

AGRICULTURAL POLICY.

II.

TO continue the illustration of our agricultural policy we will take the case of another farm. It continued in tillage until 1904 and lost money all the time, and was then more than worn out. The son of the other farmer took it as a grazing farm and displaced about the same number of employees. He followed his father's methods and improved on them. He manured his grass with basic slag, renovated his pastures with clovers and natural grasses, used cakes largely, and after ten years' expenditure and waiting was able to feed about the same number of cattle and sheep and make a comfortable profit. In 1918 he had to plough up, and much of the money spent in those ten years was in consequence thrown away, and he had not had time in which to receive much return from the pasture, to make which he had spent a small fortune. But, to his credit, he tackled it cheerfully, not only his own, but his father's farm as well, and with very little but soldier labour. He had to plough up 600 acres of grass that season an additional 400 acres the next.

A useful purpose may be served by setting out his initial expenses, in order to give some idea of what it meant to him.

Although prices of farmers' produce were controlled, few of his requirements were; only his manures, binder twine, and cakes; and the latter don't count since there aren't any; like the rabbits, immediately they were controlled, they disappeared.

Now for the list of outgoings:—

22 horses, average £100 each	...	2,200
11 sets harness, £25 each	...	275
13 ploughs, mostly Sellars	...	81
8 rollers	...	112
13 harrows	...	58
Grubbers and Disc Harrows	...	200
Overtime Tractor, Manus steam wagon and threshing machine, etc.	...	2,000
10 binders	...	500
4 reapers	...	96
8 sets of carts	...	360
Spraying machine	...	100
Corn drills	...	200
Horse rakes	...	72
7,000 yards fencing at 3s. per yard	...	1,050
		<hr/>
		£7,304

In addition he has all his seed grain and labour, and we have no hesitation in saying he will be £10,000 out of pocket before he threshes a quarter of grain!

Just think of the risk he is taking! He remarked to us: "My land is full of fertility, but it is also full of wireworm and grub." Half his crop on his fine old grass may be ruined by either of these pests. He may have bad weather to contend with. In any case he cannot make more than a fair profit, and will certainly lose, if it is a bad season.

Another very serious aspect for such farmers is that after two or three grain crops the land will be very dirty, and turnips being out of the question, the only way of cleaning will be a bare fallow, a most expensive and wasteful proceeding. Some farmers are trying to get over the difficulty by erecting Silos to preserve crops of vetches which would take the place of turnips, and save the bare fallow.

The farmer is somewhat differently placed from the ordinary manufacturer. The latter, when he starts to make an article, can calculate fairly accurately what amount he can produce, and what he will get for it; and very often it is sold in advance. It is different with the farmer. The weather may upset his most carefully laid plans and render a year's labour almost worthless. In normal times he may only get half the price he expected; alternatively he may have nothing to sell.

Let us take an instance with which we are personally acquainted and which will demonstrate what effect a bad season can have. In 1915, one hundred acres of strong land in grain crop yielded nearly 600 qrs. grain. It was a fine season for clay land, and 200 qrs. were required to run the farm, leaving 400 qrs. to sell. In 1916 almost the same acreage was in grain, equally well worked and manured. It was a bad season. The total yield was under 200 quarters, with none available for sale, and much of it too poor in quality for seed. The result was only a trifling difference of £800. The rent of the farm is £240, the labour bill is almost £600, and the manure bill over £300. It will thus be realised that the rent of a cultivated farm is but a small part of the farmer's outlay.

The greatest weakness of the farmers has been lack of combination. They are the very worst men to combine about anything. This is due to their isolation and dogged independence. They are unable to meet as often as business men do. They are too close and too jealous of each other, often to the extent of what one is doing and where another is going. We remember an incident happening at a railway station in a Scotch parish—rather an extreme case—but it will illustrate what we mean. A local farmer, the largest one in the parish, was at the station waiting for the train. The local clergyman came up, said "Good morning," passed a remark about the weather, and, wishing to be pleasant, said, "You'll be going to Ellon market, Mr. D.?" Mr. D.'s curt reply was, "I jist hevna telt onybody whaur a'm gaun."

To combine with their neighbours for any purpose is thus irksome and repugnant to many of the farming class. They are, however, improving in this respect, as in others, and the many orders and restrictions recently put upon them are helping to make them unite in their own defence.

We know from personal experience that they are making much greater and more economical use of artificial manures. Much better seeds are being sown. Better varieties of grain are used, and much larger yields per acre are being got, and it has been prices, not skill, that have been the chief bar to much larger yields.

It is necessary to realise that it is not all plain sailing with the farmer, and even if he does grumble a little occasionally, some consideration should be shown to him. Remember that the country districts have provided for the most part the brains that run the businesses in the cities. The educated and wide-awake individuals who would have made the best farmers have emigrated, or have gone into the towns to professions and business. Fortunes are not made in farming. When a farmer does make anything, he

invariably puts it into the improvement of his stock and his land. The great profits that one hears of the farmer making at present are largely made up of the appreciation in value of his stock-in-trade, and will, in great measure, disappear when prices go back.

Unfortunately he cannot reduce his stock if he is to go on producing food. He has suddenly found himself worth £20 an acre where formerly he was worth £10. But he may realise a few years hence that his stock-in-trade has depreciated by all that it had increased, and that his imagined profit has largely disappeared.

We have tried to demonstrate in some small measure what can be done by making a bargain with the farmer. Why not make some permanent bargain with him, something that would ensure him a reasonable price for his produce and attract capital to the agricultural industry? It would add enormously to the wealth of the country.

Agriculture is not like the coalfields which will get exhausted and, according to Professor Trail, bring down the wrath of future generations on us for our waste and extravagance. The more the land produces, the more it is likely to produce. Grain-producing means higher rents, because it means more expenditure in roads, fencing, draining, workmen's cottages, and farm buildings. The heavier and poorer lands simply cannot be kept under tillage without security that the produce will bring a fair price, a price leaving a margin on the average.

The farmer wants a settled policy that will not be affected by party politics. The things that really matter in a national policy should be outside these. At present the farmer is hopelessly outnumbered at election times. His destinies are entirely in the hands of the consumer. If the consumer decides that he can get his grain cheaper and better from abroad, then the heavy land must go down to grass, and it will go down much faster than it did 40 years ago, as the farmer has, with the aid of science, basic slag and wild white clover, learned to make a pasture in three years' time which used to take ten years to make.

In conclusion, we would quote the writing of Dr. Keith, a well-known Scottish minister, who, writing in 1812, on agriculture, predicted fairly accurately what happened in 1872. We fear it may well happen again, and much more rapidly, and to a greater extent, unless we adopt a settled policy that will give permanent security to the grain producer in this country. He wrote as follows:—

If the rent of the land continues to increase, and improvements in agriculture to go on as rapidly as they have done for the past 30 years, Aberdeenshire may become a corn country, and the rearing of black cattle for the market of England, may, in the course of a century, remove from the Pentland Hills to the Pentland Firth; and Caithness and Sutherland come in the place of Berwickshire and the Lothians.

But when, in the progress of luxury, the feeding of cattle becomes of more value than the raising of corn, the cultivation of the soil by the plough will make a retrograde motion. The Lothians and Berwickshire will become grazing counties; and from Northumberland and Durham, to Kent and Middlesex, the soil will be occupied by the grazier, instead of being cultivated by the farmer.

May luxury never produce the effect in Britain which it did in Imperial Rome.

There it was said, What produces the most certain profit? Feeding well. What is the next? Feeding moderately. What is the third? To feed even badly. The least profitable of all was tillage.

These words are quite as appropriate to-day as they were 110 years ago. Is not the conclusion from our two articles that Cobden, Bright, Peel, and the manufacturers of Lancashire were wrong in abolishing the Corn Law in 1846, and that Bentinck and Disraeli were right in opposing that measure? It looked all right at the time: but it is the business of statesmen to see beyond the end of their noses; and we are now obliged to revert to Disraeli's policy.

COMEDIES OF CANADIAN POLITICS.

II

IT is very hard in Canada for any sane man to believe that his own party is a perennial fountain of virtue, as contrasted with an overflowing cesspool of corruption on the opposite side. If one is in the Liberal councils, one hears dark conversations about Liberal workers who have "done time," or whom the Tories have "got something on." They are disgusted Tories, who have failed to get jobs when their party attained power, and Liberals who are trying to get them, and are not regarded as safe. There are people who have to be squared and people who have to be intimidated. Enveloping the whole atmosphere is a vast mass of amusing intrigue. But the highest planes of political comedy are attained in the West, where a large, illiterate, foreign vote introduces an element peculiarly susceptible to the operations of "machine" politicians. In the cities at least each side takes care to organise the foreigners by their nationalities. There are Polish Liberal Clubs and Polish Conservative Clubs; Icelandic Tory Clubs and Icelandic Liberal Clubs, and so on through the whole list of nationalities. Addresses have sometimes to be printed in half a dozen languages and alterations made in each to suit the temper of the various nationalities. If the votes of a Polish section of the community are sought, there have to be lengthy encomiums on Kosciusko and pleas that the descendants of the men who followed the banner of Liberty under his leadership should "support the grand old party which stands for the same principles in Canada." At no time are the foreigners so popular as at elections. The day after an election they may be referred to as "these damned Galicians," but on the day before they are invariably "our brethren from Continental Europe whom we welcome with open arms to our heritage of British civilization as loyal helpers and allies in the task of building up a greater and better Canada to be a pillar of the British Empire." The Empire figures very largely at Canadian elections. It is always being imperilled or insulted and its sacred presence is almost as closely guarded as the autonomy of Canada. Reformers usually find that their pet projects either break up the Empire, or infringe the autonomy of the Dominion. It is always interesting to see whether the Empire or the autonomy is going to be the outraged party when a new proposal emerges.

Elections are often notoriously profitable to the electors. On one occasion a bye-election was being held in a particularly corrupt constituency, where the candidate was an elderly man. A meeting had been arranged which he and a well-known electioneering expert were to address, but the expert asked the candidate to stay at home and allow him to conduct the meeting alone. After a few desultory remarks on politics, he plunged into the heart of his case thus— "We are all sorry that our candidate Mr. M. cannot be here to-night, but I want to say a few words in reference to him and to show you why you should make a point of voting for him. During these hard times, this election is a very nice thing for you electors, and it will be a very nice thing for our party if Mr. M. is elected. Mr. M. is a very fine man and will make an excellent member, but there is another very good point about him which will commend him to your support. He is an old man, and I tell you in confidence, he is a very sick man; he has heart trouble. There is every chance that he will not live very long, and if he does not live long, there will soon be another election, which all of you, I am sure, will appreciate." Mr. M. is happily still alive, but it is not a pleasant thought to picture loyal supporters longing for their member's decease. There was another historic constituency in the West which had been a famous battle-ground in which the two regular parties and an independent faction had waged internecine warfare. There had been petitions and counter-petitions and much unseating of members and many contests in succession. Heavy drains had been made

upon the party funds and an independent candidate had expended a huge sum in attempting to win the suffrages of the electors, a considerable number of whom were Continental Europeans. The latter had waxed fat on elections, and when one spring there was a split in the local Cabinet and a dissolution seemed imminent, a deputation of these foreigners waited upon one of the chief organisers of the Liberal party and asked him with great anxiety if there was any prospect of an election in the spring. On being asked the reason of their anxiety to obtain this information, he was told it was a matter of great importance, because, if there was to be no election, the homesteaders in the vicinity would have to buy seed and set about putting in a crop. If there was to be an election, there would be no need to do so, as a more lucrative source of income would be available. This did not necessarily imply that every elector was to receive in cold cash sufficient to maintain himself and his family for the rest of the year, but merely that there would be a vast amount of development work and patronage in the division.

Perhaps the most farcical incident which ever enlivened Canadian politics happened when Dr. Montague, Minister of Agriculture in the Federal Tory Government, sent, in the course of his candidature for Haldimand in Ontario in the year 1891, an encyclical letter to the Indians on a certain reserve in the constituency in the following terms:— "FOR INDIANS ONLY. To the Indians:— The Queen has always loved her dear loyal subjects, the Indians. She wants them to be good men and women, and she wants them to live on the land that they have, and she expects in a little while, if her great chief John A. gets into Government again, to be very kind to the Indians and to make them very happy. She wants them to go and vote and all to vote for Dr. Montague, who is the Queen's agent. He is their friend and by voting for him every one of the Canadians will please Queen Victoria." This performance, which the author attempted to pass off as a harmless joke, still holds the field as the most audacious piece of electioneering tactics ever attempted in the Dominion. There is a deal of tragedy in Canadian politics, but the atmosphere must be permeated with much varied comedy when such incidents are possible.

It may seem strange to the outside observer that some of the practices, which have been enumerated above, have not been long ago suppressed in the interests of the commonwealth, and it is obvious that behind all this comedy there must lie a vast deal of misgovernment and maladministration. The explanation of the placid tolerance of political abuses which widely prevails is to be found in the fact that the great mass of the community has not hitherto been vitally interested in politics, except at election times. They may have political views and nominally own allegiance to one or other of the political parties, but in the main they give politics little serious consideration. And the reason for this unfortunate condition of the public mind lies in the absence of any vital issues and vital divergencies of which, with the exception of the Reciprocity Treaty in 1911, and Conscription in 1917, there have been none for nearly a generation. Even in 1911 the issue was beclouded by Bourassa's Nationalist campaign and the 'Ne Temere' decree. The Liberals had succumbed to the National Protectionist policy of the Conservatives, and the Conservatives had adopted the Liberal policy of closely guarded autonomy within the British Empire. Since the autumn of 1917 a Unionist Government consisting of Conservatives and conservative Unionist Liberals has been in power, and has managed to complete successfully its mission of furthering Canada's part in the war, till a successful conclusion was reached. But both the Cabinet and the Unionist party contain elements of too divergent views on fiscal questions to permit of permanence, and there is every expectation that the forthcoming budget will see a large body of the Liberal Unionists, including some Ministers, rejoin the Opposition. As the Opposition is at present exceedingly weak, the redress of the balance of parties will be to the good. The Unionist name may be continued, but in practice the party will be almost solely composed of Tories.

There is a strong agrarian low tariff movement on foot, and the farmers, especially in the West, are organized as never before. Their various associations are co-ordinated through the Canadian Council of Agriculture, which is a most influential body and last autumn laid down a very advanced programme which it dubbed the New Nationalist Policy. If the Liberal party does not accept this programme, which it shows some signs of doing, it will have about the same chance of survival as Asquithian Liberalism, for the Liberals in Canada have always been more or less, a "country" party. If the old Liberal party disappears, there may be an era of sectional politics with a French Canadian, a Tory Protectionist, an agrarian Radical and Labour groups, log-rolling and intriguing for combinations to secure the spoils of office. Now in a scattered country like Canada there is much to be said for two nation-wide parties, who by their very existence and by the mingling of sectional elements in their ranks constitute a unifying cement. If the Liberal party decides to become strongly radical in order to capture the farmers, a real cleavage will develop, for the Canadian Manufacturers Association and the C. P. R. are terrified at the farmers' programme and will rally strongly to the Tory party. There will then be vital political issues at stake, which will be an improvement upon the religious and racial feuds so destructive in the past of real political thinking and action. The change would markedly improve the political view-point of the electorate and produce a healthier state of affairs at Ottawa. Hitherto Canadian politics have too often been conducted on a factionist plane of petty squabbles and inglorious intrigue. There is a large element of unreality, and when unreality enters in, comedy follows hard in her footsteps. But perhaps, if there was no comedy, Canadian politics might be too deplorably dull for any intelligent human being to evince any deep interest in; in their present state, they at least provide fitful amusement to a people which is often inclined to take itself too seriously.

BROWNING.

THERE is in Mr. Chesterton's 'The Man who was Thursday,' an incident which itself is poetry, and can be used as throwing a light on the poetry of Browning. After heroic adventures the chosen six return to the house of their father, and that father gives a great festival in their honour, which takes the form of a fancy dress ball under the moon and the Chinese lanterns. The six on their thrones observe that the dancers wear dresses reminiscent of the dangers and glories they have passed. A pillar-box dances with a hornbill, a lamp-post does not shun the neighbourhood of a balloon. It appears in a flash that all the ordinary things of life wear ravishing fancy dresses, and, if properly observed, are all, if not intrinsically romantic, at least provocative. And next day, after the intoxication of moonshine and lantern-shine is over, this fact comes home as the true lesson of his adventure to the man who was Thursday.

Now Browning is not Thursday. He is every day of the week, and particularly Sunday. But he wears his days like the queer clothes they are—to be fingered, held at arm's length, explained, wept over, laughed at, but to be wondered at always, because, deal with them how he will, they are never quite caught. He sings them over not once, but a thousand times, wiser than his own wise thrush, because he knows he never can completely capture their private irreducible rapture. And, as we said, Browning is particularly Sunday, if by that day is understood the approach to religion. That day for him is eternally fresh and surprising, whether it dawns in thunder with Caliban, for whom the Day and its owner are a dangerous fiend, or is merely dull with Cleon, who understands that the Christian doctrine "could be held by no sane man," or has the tremors of dawn with Karshish plagueily stirred, hearing the voice, saying, "O heart I made, a heart beats here! Face, my hands fashioned, see it in myself." For the truth is that with Browning Sunday is always below and behind all the other days of the week.

And when we use this language of days and fancy-dress balls, we mean something quite definite, though we may be accused of borrowing our author's own obscurity without his excuse for it. We mean that Browning takes all the ordinary things of life—and with what a raging appetite he takes them—catches them as they go, and fixes them so that they never lose their wonder again, and for all that remain undeniably ordinary. His Dukes and Duchesses, his Cleon, his Grammarian, his Bishop with basalt tomb, his Saul, even his Caliban are fancy dresses that the emotions of any of us might and in fact do wear. But we haven't the understanding eye. Our baby petulance doesn't for us wear a coronet. Our struggle to the truth won't grace itself with a background of the

"sprinkled isles,

Lily on lily, that o'erlace the sea

And laugh their pride when the light wave lisps

'Greece!'"

Our little human certainty, "dead from the waist down," perishes without the sign of the great peaks.

Our self-indulgence dares not revel in

"Some lump, ah God, of lapis lazuli,

Big as a Jew's head cut off at the nape,

Blue as a vein o'er the Madonna's breast."

Our infidelity will not stand

"As erect as that tent-prop, both arms

stretched out wide."

As,

"the king-serpent heavily hangs

Far away from his kind, in the pine, till

deliverance come

With the spring-time."

and we do not grovel in the "much mire" with Caliban. We do not, in short, give our virtues and weaknesses flashing or murky shapes. We are proud of them, or ashamed, but we regard them, except for startled seconds, as prose. Browning steps in, however, and observes that as far as he can see, the way to spell this prose is poetry, and we wake, almost with a blush, like Molière's hero, to discover that we have not merely been talking prose, but actually living poetry.

In that revelation, to our mind, is contained in part Browning's secret. He touched nothing in which he did not perceive an adornment. He was thus separated by worlds from that puny school which attempts to adorn what is already so rich—the gilders of the lily, and that other school that seeks to strip off the adornment. Like another Creator, he looked on the world and found it not only good, but even violently interesting. He did not need, like gentle Tennyson, to prink the world, to dress it in party clothes because company was expected. Nor, like some of our modern savages, did he present it in terms previously reserved for lecturers on pathology. He just took life with a great gasp, like a swimmer taking his plunge. There was a whole sea before him. If only he did not grow tired!

In fact, of all writers that have written he least grew tired. He was so unspeakably avid of life that he was rewarded by having his vitality constantly renewed, the secret of this being that, like the fabled giant, he was for ever touching mother earth, the true source of all strength. And to the end love held him prisoner, charmed, beckoned, and crowned him. Love and God—he found these two everywhere, hunting, as it were, in couples—the Hound of Life and the Hound of Heaven. He heard their remorseless footsteps hunting the soul of man, as clearly as Thompson, and far more variously.

Of his homage to love a very acute modern critic has said that no poet was ever so obsessed by love, and so little obsessed by sex. That is a clever saying, but completely untrue. Browning essentially could not distinguish love and sex. On the contrary they were indivisibly one. When he went worshipping in the train of unconquered Eros he gladly and largely met both demands,

"laying flesh and spirit in his hands."

How could it be otherwise? Was Browning to

"Give us no more of body than shows soul?"

Was he to follow the way of Tennyson, who gave us a King Arthur only one whit more bloodless and blameless than that incredible adulterer Lancelot? Surely not. There are all sorts of love—that love, cold and undying as Death himself, which made Evelyn Hope's lover cry—

"I will give you this leaf to keep.
See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand.
There, that is our secret: go to sleep;
You will wake and remember and understand."

There is the red love of the lunatic lover of Porphyria. There is the good stage love for—

"That fawn-skin-dappled hair of hers,
And the blue eye,
Dear and dewy,
And that infantine fresh air of hers!"

And there is even (dare we quote it?) the page's love, who knew that his mistress was

"Warm and white and wonderful
Twixt pap and pap."

Well, what then? Need we decorously put our hands over the eyes for the last, determined only to remember Evelyn Hope? If Life doesn't screen her eyes, need we? And Browning looked deep into those eyes. He looked as life looks—unprejudiced and undisturbed. How could he avoid any side of love?

"Flower of the broom.
Take away love, and our earth is a tomb."

But if he believed, as he did believe, that all love was but a smile in the face of God, was it his business to shrink or criticise? There was beauty, excellent—and there was darkness—well, like life herself.

"Dauntless the slug-horn to his lips he set,
And blew. *Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came.*"

The note of the slug-horn does not ask questions: it is content to be. Shall we, who never saw, never can see "The Dark Tower," try to refine upon the note? Browning at least thought not.

MENUS FROM MADRAS.

THERE is a streak of perversity in human nature, and a man will often take less pride in what he does well than in what he does poorly. John, my Madras cook, past grand master of his craft, artist in dainty dishes, cook, baker, and confectioner in one, was above all things proud of his English menus. He wrote them on my notepaper, laboriously, squatting half-naked on the floor in a corner of the kitchen. Often have I seen him thus when driving home from the club to dress for dinner, the light from an oil lamp flickering on his bronze skin, and illuminating his rugged features contorted in the agony of composition. I used to think of Mr. W. W. Jacobs' mariner, who did not like writing because it hurt his tongue. But John did like it; he revelled in it, and believed that his menu put the final touch to his artfully concocted dinner.

The merchant princes of Calcutta praise the Mugg; those of Bombay swear by Goanese; but I pin my faith to the Tamil cook, the son, the grandson, and the great-grandson of cooks. For Madras was the cradle of cookery in India. Here the Nabobs of the Company Bahadur ate their curries, no finnikin *Poulet à l'Indienne*, but curries that burned with the fires of Tophet. They ate them with assafœtida biscuits, called popadums, with Bombay duck that is not duck but fish, and with a variety of fresh-made chutneys. And they slaked their burning throats with many bottles of strong English beer—no pale ale for them! And then next day they marched and fought under a tropical sun with no protection for their heads but a small cap, and almost choked by their high, tight stocks. Verily there were giants in those days.

John's forefathers cooked for these heroes: his skill and his recipes had been handed down from generation to generation. But the art of writing menus he had not inherited. How and where he learned it I do not know; but he was convinced that this talent

should not be hid in a napkin. It would have cut him to the quick had I refused to put his menu in the menu-holder; and at the last moment before dinner was announced I have seen him peering through the doorway to make sure that it was there, and feast his eyes upon it in its little silver frame. Then he would scuttle back hurriedly to the kitchen, smiling and content.

So, whenever I gave a dinner-party, big or small, John's menu faced my guests. A little pile of them before me now, written in his sprawling hand, recall the feasts of long ago. They served, these menus, to set the ball of conversation rolling; for they offered not only food to eat, but often food for speculation. "Why did you call it wild fish?" I asked him once, pointing to the menu of the night before. "Master shooting duck, calling wild duck: master catching fish, calling wild fish." John's logic was irrefutable.

"Mutton-beefsteak" was, I remember, a concession to Hindu religious scruples. In a land where the cow is sacred an Englishman must often be content with beefsteak made of mutton. It is part of the white man's burden. "Lion of mutton," until I realised that the vowels had been reversed, suggested the millenium, though with doubt as to whether the sheep was inside the lion. But "Cherries Tart" had a comfortable sound, allaying all misgivings. We knew at once that we should find more than one cherry in the tart. Although "Jam Pups" hinted at a tragedy among my Airedale's last litter, it was really an extension of Grimm's Law to the Dravidian languages, changing F to P in transit. I recollect many a "Sweet Hamlet" that led to pleasant talk of plays that we had seen when last on furlough. The dish, of course, was an omelette; but why an English-speaking native of Madras should misplace his aspirates has always puzzled me. No people in the present day except my countrymen find H a stumbling block, though I think it is Catullus who tells us that illiterate Romans misused the letter.

But we have wandered from John's menus. One night, I recollect it well, he threatened us with "worm jelly soup." This had a forbidding sound, and nearly caused a panic among my guests. In desperation I hazarded vermicelli, and I was right: no outraged worm turned at the bottom of the soup plate. But John was more than usually unfortunate that evening. In the same menu "munched beef" called forth indignant protest and the unanimous demand that I should buy a mincer.

John, good and faithful servant, did his best; and though his efforts caused hilarity they were not wider of the mark than the Englishman's translation of *ris de veau à la jardinière*—the smile of the calf at the wife of the gardener. If his English was at fault sometimes there was never cause for grumbling at his dishes. Guests might come in unexpectedly, but he was undismayed; no difficulty appalled him. Even in the depths of the jungle I feasted like Lucullus; yet three bricks formed his kitchen range, and an empty oil-tin served him for an oven.

Not all Madrasis are good cooks. There was a man, a melancholy man, who sought employment day by day in vain. To each new Sahib arriving at the "station" he showed the "character" given him by his late master. It ran thus: "Ramaswamy has been my cook for a month. It seems much longer. He leaves me on account of ill-health—my ill-health."

CORRESPONDENCE

LITERARY CRITICISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Arising out of correspondence and reviews in your issues of 30th August and 6th September inst., would it not be possible to evolve from the clashing of literary opinions a more virile style of literature? I am more particularly led to seek your aid in reforming public ethics by a cursory look at a review of Coleridge's merits, and criticism of 'Young Visitors.'

Not being a reader of novels I would have refused a friendly offer of that booklet, recommended to me as

"most amusing," but that THE SATURDAY REVIEW brought it to the notice of what one hopes is a more intelligent section of the public than the crowds in public libraries, often provided by persons too ignorant to know that libraries, as repositories of mental food, can be either stamina or a deadly drug for the soul.

I failed to find any wit in 'The Young Visitors' or any obscenity that cannot be dismissed with "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," but whoever wrote it or caused it to be published is not sufficiently rewarded with an O.B.E., and we ought to have a public State department to brand such citizens on the forehead with "E. S."—Enemies of Society. What of the millions the Board schools cost to leave such nine-year imps as disseminators of such spelling! Can you, sir, suggest what good humanity can derive from the cost of its three editions? And the poison conveyed to its readers whose time wasted on it might have been applied, or employed, in reading some wholesome work of wit or utility if such a thing were published!

After reading a criticism on what would be better ignored, it was very jarring to see German literature attacked by your reviewer of Coleridge, who depreciates Macaulay's knowledge of the German language—not a very great Imperial calamity, as he owns that Macaulay did not understand the sage of Königsberg. It was there I saw an opening to build up British literature by advocating before ponderous writers that if they have anything to say they should do so and leave alone the sorry failures of the past like poor, Melancthon, who thought that God could only find out potentates were pernicious after mortals took upon themselves to depose them.

One would almost like to suggest such themes to our very learned writer, Dr. Beattie Crozier, but for the fear, or certainty, of getting an Organo, with a capital O, shot broadside at one's head.

An editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW has it in his power to raise the standard of British ethics and British literature. Will you be its good Samaritan?

*Yours obediently

ESTHER DELAFORCE.

COLERIDGE.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I read with pleasure the tribute to Coleridge in your number of September 6, which says, gracefully, all, perhaps, that a brief article can be expected to say about a big subject. The writer has dealt appreciatively with many sides of the philosopher and bard, and could not, of course, help dwelling on his promises and performances. But after all, Coleridge's achievements in writing and in inspiring others are a good life's work. We owe to his inspiration a good measure of Charles Lamb, as well as Hazlitt and De Quincey. Lamb chaffed him, and was careful not to attend his lectures in London; but his attitude of admiration and reverence is evident throughout the life of both.

To say that apart from 'The Ancient Mariner,' 'Kubla Khan,' and the first part of 'Christabel,' the rest of Coleridge's verse is "practically negligible," is surely too niggardly a verdict. One poem, at least—'Love'—which begins

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,"
deserves addition to the list, and the best of the Odes are not to be lightly passed by. They contain a large portion of that magic of Coleridge which criticism of recent years has recognised as unique. For specialists in metre he is often wonderful. An exacting critic and a poet like Francis Thompson spoke of five resplendent poems as of the highest rank. Even in those which do not maintain their high level of melody throughout, such as 'Lewti,' there are things said as no other man could say them.

This brings me to the point I wish to make, that Coleridge had much of the naive and happy vision of a child, and the defects of a child's qualities. *Il sait tout, il ne sait rien; il est poète.* He did not behave like a man of sense when he comes to years of indiscretion, but he still sees his dream as clearly as only a child can; he moves in a poetic world undisturbed by

shame, dignity, or humour. I doubt if such a man would have been happy with any woman. He kept the unconscious selfishness of youth. After all, if he had ever grown up, he might have been the first of leader-writers of his time—a sorry fate for a poet. We have a plethora of political journalists: we need poets.

As for his talk, I doubt if we have missed much. Irritation would have spoilt our pleasure in this master of monologue and perpetual preacher. Walter Scott heard him expounding the Samothracian mysteries as the source of all tales about fairies, past, present, and to come, and exclaimed,

"Zounds! I was never so bethumped with words!"

The edition of 'Sibylline Leaves,' published by Rest Fenner in 1817, is full of misprints; one of them is so aptly inept that it raises the question whether these disturbers of an editor's peace do it on purpose. Coleridge wrote in 'Lewti':—

"Hush! my heedless feet from under

Slip the crumbling banks for ever."

The printer made "Hush!" into "Slush!"

Yours sincerely,

V. R.

LAWN TENNIS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—It is only two months ago that in your columns I was expatiating on the marvellous accuracy of H. L. Doherty. This, the prince of lawn tennis players, is now dead.

Hierons, the Queen's Club professional, is of my opinion that he is the greatest player the game has produced, but the writer of Lawn Tennis Notes in *The Field* (I do not know if it is still Mr. Wallis Myers) seems to doubt this because of the "increasing difficulty" that he (Doherty) found in overcoming the aggressive exponents of the newer methods.

I cannot quite understand such a criticism. H. L. Doherty was never beaten by any Colonial or American player except on one occasion at a Riviera tournament in 1910, when he had retired from first-class tennis and was palpably unfit. His conqueror in a five-set match was that most energetic American player, F. B. Alexander.

We can apply another test. On every occasion that they met, H. L. Doherty defeated W. A. Larned, seven times American lawn tennis champion. Larned, one of the greatest players ever seen on a court, did not defend his title in 1912, but in the years previous to this, although well over 30 years of age, he defeated such varied exponents of aggressive methods as Leroy, Karl Behr, Clothier, Beals Wright, Bundy, F. B. Alexander, and that "lightning" server, M. E. McLoughlin. Is there any reason to doubt, in view of his record, that H. L. Doherty would likewise have gone on beating these players?

Yours, etc.,

"TOURNEBROCHE."

THE CARNEGIE LIBRARIES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I was very much astonished at the article and the indignation expressed and implied in last Saturday's REVIEW on Mr. Carnegie and all his ways and works. I do emphatically beg to differ from the conclusions arrived at by your correspondent concerning Free Libraries. I know that had it not been for the establishment of Free Libraries a great number of people would have been deprived of the means of acquiring any knowledge of art, literature and science. I am a working man, and it would be utterly impossible for me to be able to peruse such periodicals as the *Saturday Review*, *Nation*, *Spectator*, *Fortnightly Review*, *Nineteenth Century*, and a host of others, to say nothing of having access to such works as the *Encyclopædia Brittanica*, Dr. Murray's *English Dictionary*, *Dictionary of National Biography*, &c., &c. I consider, along with many others, that Free Libraries are a boon and a blessing, where you can see all the latest picture papers and daily papers, and to Andrew Carnegie we owe a debt of gratitude. I fail to know where your

correspondent has been to see the Libraries which are empty save for a few idle novel readers. This is not the experience of thousands, and I can testify from observation at many Libraries I have visited that they fill a great need for rich and poor alike. At Whitehaven we have a beautiful building—library, reading and reference rooms—well conducted and greatly patronised and appreciated by the public. The building of the Palace of Peace was a happy inspiration and ideal, and did *not* cause the greatest war on earth.

Yours sincerely,

S. GILL.

Hensingham, Whitehaven.

8th September, 1919.

LORD LEE AND "THE OUTLOOK."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I do not complain of the criticism of myself contained in your "Notes of the Week" of September 6th, because I am sure it was written in good faith and on the strength of a not unnatural misapprehension.

As a matter of fact, however, I am not, and never have been, the owner of the *Outlook*, although I was associated with its direction for a few months prior to my joining the Government. Immediately on accepting office, I severed my connection with the paper, including my nominal financial interest, and have had no responsibility for anything that has appeared in its columns since August 16th.

The fact that my late colleagues on the Editorial staff should have thought fit to deal, in humorous-kindly fashion, with my character and physiognomy, on the occasion of my becoming Minister of Agriculture, is, I hope, neither a "startling departure" nor any violation of the ethics of journalism.

Yours faithfully,

LEE OF FAREHAM.

[We regret our mistake, but we observe that *The Outlook* does not give the name of its proprietors, which we think is not a compliance with the law.—Ed. S.R.]

AMERICAN FILMS.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Will you allow me to correct one or two misstatements contained in an article by Sir Sidney Low, entitled 'Behind the Screen,' which appeared in your issue of August 30th.

Firstly, with regard to the Company called "The Famous Players-Lasky British Producers, Ltd." The writer states:—"The majority of its directors are also on the Board of the American Corporation and it is that Corporation which will shape the policy of the British Company and control its affairs. The manager of the American Lasky Corporation and its foreign representative are both on the British Lasky Directorate." The facts are as follows:—The British Company has six Directors. One of these, Mr. J. C. Graham, is the foreign representative of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation (America). The remaining five Directors are entirely British and have no connection with the American Corporation. Three-quarters of the Preference Shares, which alone carry voting rights, are in British hands. The policy of the British Company will therefore not be shaped nor its affairs controlled by the American Corporation (Famous Players-Lasky Corporation).

Secondly, with regard to the Company called "Picture Playhouses Limited." The writer states:—"There is another Company called Picture Playhouses Ltd., with almost the same Directorate. The manager of the American Lasky Corporation, a Director also of the British Producers Ltd., is on the Picture Playhouses Board, and is mentioned as its managing director, and generally it may be said that the personnel is almost identical."

Mr. Graham, the foreign representative of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation (America), and Mr. C. A. Clegg, the managing director of the Famous Lasky Film Service, Ltd. (America), are on the Board

of Picture Playhouses Ltd. Neither of them is mentioned as Managing-Director of Picture Playhouses Ltd., nor does either of them in fact hold that position. There are seven Directors of this Company (one has been added since the formation of the Company) and five of these seven are British, and entirely unconnected with the American Corporation (Famous Players-Lasky Corporation).

At the Statutory Meeting of Picture Playhouses Ltd., held on August 23rd, Major N. E. Holden (in the chair) stated that over 90 per cent. of the capital and over 90 per cent. of the voting power of this Company was British. I enclose a copy of his speech.

In view of the attacks that have been made on these Companies it seems only right that the above facts should be brought to the notice of your readers.

I am Sir, yours faithfully,

FRANK C. MEYER,

Secretary Picture Playhouses Limited.

24, Throgmorton Street, London, E.C.2.

5th September, 1919.

PROFITEERS.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—As far as I am aware, no one has yet had the courage to point out the very obvious fact that the greatest profiteers are the international financiers. We all know to what race most of them belong, but there are others, who are only too eager to share with them the sinister proceeds of "England's adversity is their opportunity"—for plunder.

One was notoriously naturalised after the war broke out.

If our Government was only sincere in fighting profiteering, it would "go for" some of these gentry, as America is doing in the case of the 'Big Five.' Many of our banks too, have profiteered over the War Loans and the manipulation of the vast sums of money evoked by patriotic stunts and propaganda. One cannot resist the impression that by the system of War Loans, etc., the international financiers without whose consent they could not have been successfully floated, designed to obtain control of the whole wealth of the nation. I write control, not possession.

It is quite easy to prosecute and fine a small tradesman for charging one or two pence a pound more than controlled price, and much is made of any such matter, but the great profiteers have too many personal friends and tools among our law-makers for them to fear they will ever be treated as law-breakers, unless the returned soldiers and sailors and their friends are sufficiently demonstrative and frighten the Government. Then there will be a panic like the "comic economy stunt," as a writer in a contemporary calls it. Our present plight is due to control exercised by international financiers.

S. G.

6th September, 1919.

THE PROSE OF DE QUINCEY AND RUSKIN.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Will you permit me, as one who, more than fifty years ago, read through those fourteen volumes of De Quincey's collected works, to express dissent from the opinion in the very able article on De Quincey in the SATURDAY REVIEW of, I think, June 7th, which assigned to this great master of English prose a more exalted position than that to which, I hold, John Ruskin, as the supreme master of English prose, is rightfully entitled. Much as I admire the best work of De Quincey, there seems to me always about its highest flights and most unquestionable attainment, something artificial, something evoked by necromantic art, a whiff of Eastern magic, of incense and mystic incantations. He does not weave his verbal spells so subtly and with such musical effect about actual things, about the aspects of nature, about human affairs and the emotions of humanity, the splendours of art and nature, the mysteries of man's moral being in its relation to the unseen and eternal.

How much vaster is the domain over which ranges the work of Ruskin! How much more varied, not

only in the subject with which it deals, but in its method and its music! Now a stately procession, moving with pomp of sound and colour, a noble array of marshalled words, felicitous phrases, exquisitely melodious cadences that enchain the mind and charm the ear. At times an almost fiery flow of lofty eloquence, in which the passion and deep feeling of intense conviction throbs and glows and sweeps the sensitive reader away on its pulsating current. For one choice page of De Quincey's prose there are twenty of Ruskin's, touching upon every beautiful thing in nature and every form and phase of human life and thought, hope, sorrow, aspiration, faith and dread.

It is probable that I am almost alone in considering the prose of Ruskin matchless in English literature. Were I not so seriously handicapped by age, infirmity and loss of sight, besides having to trust entirely to my memory, I should like to refer to numerous passages, beginning with the second volume of 'Modern Painters,' written when Ruskin was a youth of twenty-two, up to 'The Crown of Wild Olive,' in his later years, in justification of my opinion. Let those who disagree with me read these works again with an open mind and an attentive ear and I think they will be inclined to a more favourable judgment of Ruskin's rank as a prose writer than they have hitherto held.

Your obedient servant,

H. S. BUNBURY.

Mandeville, Jamaica.

[Our correspondent is certainly not "almost alone" in regarding Ruskin's prose as "matchless." But when it comes to artificiality, the artifice of Ruskin is quite as apparent as De Quincey's. But of course, whether in prose or verse, the art of language must be artificial, like any other art.—Ed. S.R.]

WHO WON THE WAR?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. Wade, whose "courteous" letter in your issue of the 9th August has provoked so many rejoinders, is not far wrong in saying: "The facts remain that America won the war," because there can be no doubt whatever that, if the United States had not intervened, the Allies might have failed to beat Germany.

Similarly, it may be said that Belgium won the war, and with far more truth, because, undoubtedly, had Belgium remained neutral in 1914, the German army would have overrun Northern France, seized the Channel ports, and might have invaded England: Lord Jellicoe has admitted the weakness of the British fleet in 1914.

Moreover, once in England, there being neither guns nor ammunition for our untrained recruits, the German troops could easily have occupied London, and some Prussian Field-Marshal might have witnessed from the dome of St. Paul's the sacking of our Metropolis by his Pomeranian Grenadiers.

Similar arguments might be expanded to demonstrate that the war was won by Japan, Italy, China, or Portugal!

The "facts remain," nevertheless, that, single-handed, neither the U.S. Army nor the Belgian Army could have beaten the Prussian Army, or even have stood up to it for more than a few days.

After all, history might be re-written by the aid of a few "ifs":

If Marshal Ney had marched straight on Brussels on 15th June, 1815, there would not have been a Battle of Waterloo, and Wellington might have been Napoleon's prisoner.

If Longstreet had attacked at Gettysburg there might not have been to-day any United States of America.

If my aunt had been born a boy, she would have been my uncle.

Yours faithfully,

HERVEY DE MONTMORENCY.

Elmwood, Pontac, Jersey.

'THE YOUNG VISITERS.'

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Was 'The Young Visitors' written by a child? There are two passages that I have not seen quoted by any of its numerous reviewers.

P. 20: "Then he sat down and eat the egg which Ethel had so kindly laid for him."

P. 38: "'Indeed I have,' said Mr. Salteena, 'many thanks for the same, and I do hope Ethel will behave properly.'"

"'Oh, yes, I expect she will,' said Bernard with a sigh."

These appear to be beyond any child. On the other hand, there are very precocious children, so much so as to be termed abnormal from a developmental point of view; and the face of the child depicted on the frontispiece seems to be of that order.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

GILBERT E. MOULD.

Dornoch Castle,
Sunderland.

THE NATIONALISATION OF RAILWAYS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The nationalisation of railways (or anything else for the matter of that) opens up such a golden vista for jobbery, that it is not to be wondered that the £8 a weeker type of politician is on the *qui vive* for it. Once that has been done, then the free railway-pass, free luncheon, free hotel bills will begin, at first for themselves, and then after a time for their wives, sisters, cousins and aunts, etc.; for this type of politician has not taken to politics exactly for "his health." If possible, for useless waste of taxpayers' money they mean to improve on the War Office and R.A.F., etc.

A writer in the ablest London daily paper has truly said that formerly the House of Commons was called the "Mother of Parliaments"; now the "Daughter of the Horseleech" would be more appropriate. As an example of what nationalisation of railways means, take the Chemin de Fer de l'Ouest, when it was taken over by the Government in France in 1910. The ball began by an accident near Angers, where a Radical windbag of a greengrocer, for his services to the party, was made stationmaster, when 27 were killed and 74 injured. If I remember rightly, the first year there were 167 killed in accidents; and the profits on the line disappeared altogether. From St. Lazare the journey to Versailles, 16 miles, averaged over an hour and a quarter. Luckily now there is a new line from the Pont d'Austerlitz. One remembers a picture in *Le Rire* showing a snail merchant driving on the road his snails before him. "C'est bonne affaire," he says, "this is a quicker way of going to market, and much cheaper." One need hardly say that within a year there was a strike. What with it being, firstly, a means for jobbery, and secondly, for getting up strikes, no wonder so much alien money is spent on the nationalisation idea. No wonder Tribitch Lincoln believed in it. With nationalisation we can imagine the typical £8 a weeker whose chance of getting in again is very slight, clamouring for useless branch railways in his constituency to keep his seat. We shall have all the Canadian log-rolling that has had such sad results, as English shareholders have learnt to their cost. It was an undeniable fact, even before the war, that a warship costs 20 per cent. more, if built in a Government yard, than one built in a private shipyard; i.e., by individual enterprise, and not by the State. In the same way railways managed by the State will be badly managed and dearer, for the very simple reason that it will be a case of votes; and, once politics enter into commercial enterprise, you cannot expect to get either honesty or efficiency. But that is the very last thing the £8 a weeker or strike leader will trouble himself about. In these days one man is as good as another, and apparently a precious sight better, if he knows less; and as the country is governed more and more by the ignorance of the greatest number, the type of member in consequence must become lower and lower,

to the detriment of the honest and industrious taxpayers whose privilege it will be to be exploited by them in the name of progress, or justice, or any other pretty word that is likely to bring in votes.

ANDREW W. ARNOLD.

Junior Athenæum Club.

PROFITEERING IN FOOD.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—As an example of profiteering in food, I think the following prices paid for lunch for two at a well known Grill Room are hard to beat:—

Hors d'Œuvres	4	0
Fish	6	0
Sweets	6	0
Savoury	4	6
Coffee (for one)	9	
Whisky (one small glass)	2	0
One bottle of Soda Water and one Lemon Squash	2	6
Couverts	1	0

£1 6 9

I much doubt if we consumed a shilling's worth of hors d'œuvres. The fish consisted of two very small trout, so small that my guest remarked they should have been put back in the water. The sweets were two ordinary meringues and one small cake, and the savoury was an omelette. These so-called "Grill" rooms are evidently to be avoided in these days, as you can get a lunch of very varied choice for 7s. or 7s. 6d. a head at any of the first-class restaurants.

I enclose my card and remain, Sir, yours etc.,
LIEUT.-COLONEL.

A DEFENCE OF THE CIVIL SERVANT.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your article in defence of the Civil Servant will give satisfaction to a body which, with little reason, is daily the sport of a degraded press living on "stunts," but why should the fair-minded SATURDAY REVIEW drag in the name of Sir Joseph Maclay as one round whom suspicion has gathered?

Surely, if there is one among Controllers who deserves the respect and gratitude of the country, it is Sir Joseph. The Ministry of Shipping was the subject of a close investigation by a Committee, whose report, made public, failed to find ground for criticism. It is noteworthy that Mr. B. A. Cohen, K.C., in a recent issue of the *Times*, bore witness, after long service in the Ministry, to the good work done by shipowners in the Ministry, even against their interests.

Control of shipping was only instituted when found to be essential to the country's safety. It was, after the Armistice, relinquished in the fullest manner possible, consistent with continuance of essential supplies.

Yours faithfully,

CIVIL SERVANT.

"CORRUPTIO OPTIMI PESSIMA."

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In reply to Mr. R. B. Cunninghame Graham's comments on my recent communication dated 23rd August last, may I assure this gentleman that I had no intention of insulting our ancient ally Portugal, or indeed any of the South American Republics. Although of no national importance, as Mr. Cunninghame Graham rightly surmises (in other words not a "politician") I trust I am sufficiently well educated and travelled to be able to appreciate all that Mr. Cunninghame Graham brings forth in favour of the countries he mentions. Judging, however, by his indignation, I did not word my letter very happily. But any "little ebullitions of temper" I possess are reserved entirely for the Trade Unionist agitators in England, who, in my humble opinion, are not only selfish, but deplorably ignorant men, who have been put by our scheming politicians above the law for vote catching purposes.

Yours faithfully,

R. V. W.

REVIEWS

AN AMERICAN WANDERER.

Reminiscences. By Raphael Pumpelly. Holt and Co., New York, \$7.50.

REPORTING on one of Mr. Pumpelly's earlier books, a publisher's adviser remarked, "It might perhaps be more attractive to general readers if it were somewhat reduced in size." That mild remonstrance might well have been laid to heart, when Mr. Pumpelly sat down to narrate his long and varied career. As a geological and mining expert, and later as an archaeologist, he has seen many lands and experienced numerous vicissitudes. But 800 mighty pages about them! Mr. Pumpelly is almost as deliberate as the glacial epoch. General readers, an impatient tribe, will kick, it is to be feared, against his abridgments of scientific reports, though of interest, no doubt, to those for whom they were written. They will yawn over his land speculations, over the construction of "On-the-Heights" without a cent for extras in the builder's bill, over the education of Raphael Pumpelly, junr. "Too much Pumpelly," will be their unanimous verdict.

Mr. Pumpelly's liveliest recollections concern his trip to Arizona in 1860 to develop some silver mines. The country was soon disturbed enough to satisfy the most exacting student of Bret Harte or Mayne Reid. The Apache Indians had gone on the war path, their hostility having been provoked by the seizure and hanging of five chiefs who had come to a conference with a United States officer under a flag of truce. The settlers in outlying farms were slaughtered; crops were abandoned and the white population concentrated at Tucson, Tubac, or some hastily fortified ranches. Mr. Pumpelly's associate, Grosvenor, was murdered when he went out to escort a waggon containing ore, and it was uncertain for some time whether the criminals were Indians or Mexican workmen. Some friendly Papagoes, however, read the history of the affair from the tracks; it was Apaches.

In that lawless land, white desperadoes were almost as formidable as the natives. The blacksmith of the San Rita mine, one Rogers, an escaped convict from Australia, attacked Grosvenor with a knife when refused quinine for a chill, the dose to be taken in a cup of whisky. This worthy had a collection of human ears, and displayed it with the sinister remark, "Them's eighteen pairs of men's ears. I've sworn I'll make it twenty-five, and two pairs is comin' from your mine; *sabe?*" Death by roasting, while hung up by the heels, overtook Rogers in Texas after he had killed an old man, his wife and daughter who had befriended him, but we are introduced to Williams, another sweet creature, and ex-member of Bell's band, who was abruptly dismissed from Mr. Pumpelly's company after he had plotted with "One-eyed Jack" to rob him of his silver and then shoot him. "Give us your hand": was his parting salutation. "You're a damned sight sharper than I thought you was; so long!" Touring through Arizona some fifty years later with his family in Ford cars, Mr. Pumpelly appears to have found the surroundings rather tame.

So primitive was old Japan in the sixties that Mr. Pumpelly was able to teach mining administrations how to use blasting, and he trained a school of importance in the development of the industry. His mission came to an end through a reaction against foreign influences; and we cannot say that we have derived much profit from his long disquisitions on native manners and customs, which add little or nothing to the information conveyed by Mrs. Bishop, Lafcadio Hearn, and many others. The same remark applies to his travels in China, where he saw the devastating results of the Taiping rebellion, but missed that picturesque soldier of fortune, his fellow-countryman Ward. The Summer Palace, the tombs of the Mings and the Great Wall—they are as familiar to us as Sandringham, Westminster Abbey, and the Victoria Embankment. There is a certain freshness, however, about Mr. Pumpelly's journey across Siberia in

days when gangs of political exiles were tramping wearily along and begging as they went. The attachment of Siberian society to the land will surprise some, even if they are prepared for its drinking and gambling. "While my husband is losing at his club," a calculating lady said, "I am just as likely to be winning from his opponent's wife."

Somewhat late in life, and after what we are bound to confess seems to have been an inadequate training, Mr. Pumpelly turned archaeologist, with a grant from the Carnegie Institution. After a visit to the Pami to study the geological system of North-Eastern Asia, he settled down in the oasis of Anau, and proceeded to delve. Locusts eventually evicted him. He relegates the results of his discoveries to an appendix, ingenuously confessing that they have been modified by the findings of Mr. De Morgan at Susa. We cannot pretend to say how far they represent a departure from 'The Civilizations of Anau, Their Origins, Growth and Influence of Environment,' since that masterpiece is, alas! unknown to us. Here they are, however, with Anaus I, II, III and IV, as neatly ticketed as if they were samples in a dry goods store. It is all very interesting, if all rather conjectural, with the stone age, transition age, copper age, and iron age of each civilization. The same thoroughness of method attends the illustrations of the Pumpelly family which adorn these tremendous tomes. We start, for instance, with Raphael Pumpelly, aged nineteen, a thinly bearded student of Freiberg, and wind up with Raphael Pumpelly, aged eighty, and bearded like Sir John Kennaway, with his sixteen living children and grandchildren, making acquaintance, by the way, with Elise Pumpelly Cabot, Pauline and other olive branches.

THE EAST AFRICAN SIDE SHOW.

Three Years of War in East Africa. By Captain Angus Buchanan, M.C. John Murray. 12s. net.

AS a record of the arduous campaign in East Africa Captain Buchanan's book is most valuable, vividly illustrating as it does the sufferings and privations which his unit, the 25th Royal Fusiliers, had to undergo. The author's experience fits him to describe the peculiar difficulties with which we had to contend, for his unit had to traverse the greater part of the country, from Longido in the north to the extreme south-east corner, where von Lettow made his last stand. These difficulties are summed up in the following passage:—

"Our greatest enemy to overcome was the ever-blinding, ever-foiling bush and jungle growth; our second enemy was the intensely hot climate and subsequent disease; the third enemy was the shortage of adequate rations; and the fourth enemy was the grim tenacity of a stubborn and worthy foe. There you have the four essential conditions which made the East African campaign a long one. But undoubtedly the main condition, the one that can never be overlooked, is that in a territory 176,210 square miles larger than Germany . . . the country was a vast unbounded wilderness of bush with ready cover to conceal all the armies of the world."

It will be noted that both the author and Lord Cranworth in his Foreword record their admiration of von Lettow's clean fighting and efficiency. Certainly nothing but quite extraordinary personal qualities of leadership could have kept his force together for so long, fighting as they were under such conditions against an

overwhelmingly superior enemy. His success is all the more remarkable in view of Sir Theodore Morrison's statement that neither German civil servants nor settlers wished to fight, realizing as they did that the fate of the colony would be decided in Europe. Of the utter inadequacy of the rations supplied Captain Buchanan speaks with entirely justifiable bitterness.

The interest of the book is largely due to the fact that the author is an experienced traveller, explorer and student of natural history. Lord Cranworth tells us that at the outbreak of war Captain Buchanan was engaged on behalf of the Provincial Government of Saskatchewan in investigating the country, in the far north of Canada, west of Hudson Bay, and studying and collecting the rarer flora and fauna, in pursuit of which task he had been for nearly a year hundreds of miles out of touch with the nearest white man. It follows that his account of the natural features, natives and animal life of German East Africa possess a peculiar value. To many, indeed, these observations will be the most interesting feature of the book. He notes the four distinct types of native with whom we had to deal: the Swahili-speaking tribes, the Kavirondos, the Kikuyus—who had greatness thrust upon them two or three years before the war—and the Masai. Of these the first-named were found to be the most intelligent and adaptable. Big game also are described, and the author's hunting expeditions with Captain Selous. There is an exhaustive account of the varieties of birds collected. Last—but, as anyone who has lived in the Tropics will agree, most certainly not least—come the pests of camp-life and trek; the common house fly; the blue-bottle ever on the trail of dying transport animals; the malaria-carrying mosquito; the tsetse fly, the carrier of sleeping-sickness; varieties of ants, together with spiders, tarantulas, scorpions, bees, snakes and mice.

Captain Buchanan has written an interesting book, which makes us wish to know more of his travels; but we hope he will not spoil his next volume by the platitudinous reflections on life and destiny which make up his last chapter here.

HOMER AGAIN.

Homer. The Odyssey. Vol. I. Books I.-XII. Translated by A. T. Murray. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.

A CONVICTED that the world should remain satisfied with the institutions which prevailed in our own youth is a not unusual accompaniment of advancing years. Perhaps it is on no better ground than this that we find it difficult to realise any pressing need for a new prose version of the Odyssey in the Loeb editions. From the old-fogey point of view it is satisfactory, however, to find that Butcher and Lang's translation, though barely mentioned in the prefatory note, seems to have served Mr. Murray as a model. That stately simplicity of diction which provoked comparisons, on one hand with Genesis, on the other, with the Book of Mormon, has been carefully maintained. In many familiar phrases the actual wording is preserved. When variations occur, we are not always inclined to welcome them as improvements. "Flashing-eyed" may be philologically defensible, but it is less euphonious and less in accordance with our ideal of Athene than "grey-eyed." "Thralls" with its feudal and semi-patriarchal associations, is far more appropriate to the Homeric atmosphere than the harsher term "slaves." But our severest shock is received when we find Nausicaa addressing her august parent as



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"Papa," thus conjuring up visions of a crinolined generation for whom laundry-work and games of ball would alike have been taboo as unladylike. This is surely one of the cases in which "the higher verity," as Renan has it, is best served by departure from literal accuracy.

When all is said, however, we have here a neat and handy edition, with the Greek and English on opposite pages. It is admirably calculated to encourage a lazy reading of Homer, which is several degrees better than no reading of Homer at all—the probable alternative for most of us, if we had but the honesty to say so.

THE INDIAN ARMY.

The Sepoy. By Edmund Candler. John Murray. 7s. 6d. net.

THE establishment and the maintenance of the Indian Army is one of the most remarkable politico-military achievements of modern times, the worth of which was proved during the conquest of Mesopotamia. In the present volume Mr. Candler describes sixteen of the native types of this army. The work is thus exhaustive in scope, including besides the familiar Gurkha and Sikh, less-known tribesmen such as the Hazara and the Meena. Most of the sketches were written in Mesopotamia, where the author served along with the subjects. His work clearly gains both in depth and extent by his previous familiarity with the atmosphere, not only of the Indian Army, but of the domestic life and home environment of these Indian soldiers. It might be urged that the book is a little too sympathetic and insufficiently critical, but, apart from the fact that such a complaint involves a lack of generosity both to the author and the men he is describing, it must be remembered that Mr. Candler is primarily concerned with his subjects, not as part of the population of India, but as soldiers of the Indian Army. Of his picture in that respect there is little to be said that is not praise. The author is as interesting as usual, and there are frequent stories to illustrate the idiosyncrasies of the types described. He is one of the most accomplished of the correspondents who have put the ways and manners of the East before home-keeping readers.

BURIED ALIVE.

Stone Walls. By Cecilia Hill. Hutchinson. 6s. 9d. net.

THE stone walls environing Petra Penrose, the heroine of this story, are such as form an effectual prison enough. Her childhood is shadowed first by an ogress grandmother, and then by a stepfather of the right traditional order; relief being (very ineffectually) supplied by a mother who sustains the rôle of Mrs. Murdstone, and a brother endowed with all Tom Tulliver's most unprepossessing qualities. The dreary monotony of her life up to twenty-two is only twice interrupted. At ten she enjoys a brief season of petting from a young man whose apparent neglect afterwards cruelly wounds her. Three or four years later her genius for music, inherited from an ineligible father, and hitherto sternly repressed, is revealed to a discerning teacher, and some months of happiness follow; but her stepfather, living up to his character, intervenes to forbid all further musical instruction. That such treatment must have an injurious effect is sufficiently obvious. But that it could produce the complete spiritual and mental paralysis here suggested seems to us impossible. Bearing in mind Edward Carpenter's principle that love-making and altruism have little in common, we are even less inclined to believe that Prince Charming would have been drawn to rouse her from this state of lethargy, and thus bring about a happy ending. But we are perhaps most incredulous concerning her future career as violinist. Success in this line is rarely achieved without early and systematic training. Yet, if improbable in outline, the story has verisimilitude of detail, also the indefinable quality, charm. Petra's schoolfellows and mistresses are drawn sympathetically, but with delicate touches of humour. Even the domestic conversation of her family circle is often

amusing to read. The child herself, before the blight settles upon her, is an engaging little soul, and the Essex marshes, blending with the sea, form an appealing background.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

The Silver Bag. By Thomas Cobb. The Bodley Head. 7s. net.

THE silver bag in question was forgotten, presumably by a lady, upon a gentleman's toilet table, and its presence there became accidentally known to the hero, Valentine Brook, who had succeeded a friend in occupation of the premises. He was induced to surrender this incriminating article by the wiles of a female emissary, who, with a view to matrimonial enterprise, improved the acquaintance thus begun. The prosecution of her scheme brought Valentine into contact with a lady of a very different order, and her own prospects of success, never brilliant, were destroyed by this formidable competition. Meanwhile, the mystery of the silver bag had been causing suspicion and domestic unhappiness in another household; but in the end everything is satisfactorily explained, and all parties, so to speak, leave the court without a stain on their characters. Although the story thus summarised might seem unpleasantly to resemble a certain type of popular play, it is free from all suggestiveness, and no exception can be taken against the moral principles presupposed. The style is sometimes crude, but the plot is ingeniously constructed, and certainly has an unexpected solution. Yet our interest is not always maintained at a high level, possibly because none of the persons concerned makes any strong appeal to our sympathy.

A FRENCH DETECTIVE STORY.

The Woman on the Trail. By Tristan Bernard. Adapted from the French by Edgar Jepson. Odham. 6s. net.

THE French author is a man who can be witty and makes points well, while Mr. Jepson himself writes a good deal better than the average purveyor of mysteries. Yet this story, in which a gang of criminals is traced down by a bulky detective and his attractive wife, the latter doing most of the work, does not thrill us at any point. It has ingenious surprises and a love interest bound up with the criminals; but the final scene is a little disappointing, and throughout we find ourselves paying more attention to little touches of character or description than to the main theme. Probably the detective story has reached a point when new thrills are difficult to discover, and subsidiary interests are creeping in. But in so far as these delay the pursuit of the criminals, they are apt to injure this kind of tale. The crime and its discovery are the real business, and both should be so arranged as to attract and keep the reader's attention.

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MOTOR NOTES

Carburation presents some very interesting problems, but when the motorist has to investigate these during an urgent journey he is apt to find them exasperating. Recalling the days of the surface carburetter, one may reflect upon the great progress that has been made in vapourising devices. The writer remembers the patience he exercised with an 1897 car having a carburetter about the size of a domestic pail. This worked on the principle of exposing a large surface of petrol to air, instead of drawing a spray of spirit through air as is done nowadays. With this device there was generally more air delivered to the engine than anything else, and carburetter troubles occasioned about half of the delays one experienced in those days. With the introduction of the simple spray carburetter a great advance was made, and from that time there has been continuous experimenting to evolve the perfect vapouriser. The early single jet carburetters necessitated very careful driving. The correct proportioning of air and petrol vapour supplied to the engine was, of course, the great object aimed at. By some of the first designers this was anticipated as a very simple matter, and attempts to produce what is now called an automatic carburetter were made before the two lever instrument was widely favoured. This was often done by the incorporation of a spring valve intended to automatically admit more air as the engine speed increased. The mushroom valve was supposed to be drawn off its seating by the increased suction of the descending piston, and to remain closed by its spring when the engine speed was low and little gas was supplied to it. The principle of the idea was sound, but, like that of the automatic inlet valve, its theory was difficult to realise in practice. A valve spring a little too weak or too strong or a little dirt on the valve setting or stem, would upset the whole functioning of the carburetter. After

several variations of this idea had been given an extended trial, it was generally recognised that the driver must have some control over the admission of air to the carburetter, and accordingly the two-lever instrument made its appearance.

With a carburetter depending upon the driver for the correct proportioning of petrol and air more or less constant manipulation of the two levers is clearly necessary. Probably few drivers control such an instrument to the best advantage, but with practice one can obtain very satisfactory and economical running from this type. While the two lever carburetter is still widely used on motorcycles and some light cars, it has long been displaced by a more easily controlled type on large engines. The attraction of a really automatic carburetter is irresistible to the technical enthusiast, and when fully realised this is undoubtedly the most satisfactory type all round. The tendency of design is now towards the multi-jet carburetter. This contains two or more jets of different sizes, the purpose of which is to supply an appropriate mixture to the engine for all conditions of running. In a correctly designed carburetter of the automatic type it is impossible to supply the engine with a wrong proportion of petrol vapour and air. While this ideal is extremely difficult to realise in practice, it must be admitted that some of the recently introduced carburetters are very ingenious devices. Running on the pilot or smallest jet one can obtain a delightfully slow "tick over" from an engine, even of the single cylinder type. This, of course, saves wear, petrol, and noise when the engine is running in neutral. When the engine is required to take up its load one opens out on to the second jet, and, for severe hill climbing or top speed, or to all the jets. If a carburetter of this type is designed to give the correct proportion of petrol and air on each jet and is intelligently handled very satisfactory results can be attained.

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ROMANO'S, LIMITED.

THE SEVENTEENTH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the shareholders was held on the 4th inst., at the Company's Restaurant, Strand, Mr. W. B. Purefoy presiding.

The secretary (Mr. J. McDonald Cobban) having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors,

The Chairman said: Gentlemen, you have heard the report read, and I shall be pleased to answer any questions about it. You will see that we have had a very good year, and we are asking you to approve the same dividend on the new capital of £60,000 as we paid last year on the old capital of £45,000. In the balance-sheet the distribution of shares is described as a special dividend of 6s. 8d. a share. It was really more, however, as the shares were always at a considerable premium. We have not written any more off our freehold property, etc., the sum at which it now stands being a very reasonable one, namely, £75,000. We are allocating the large sum of £15,000 to reserve fund as the money is all in our stock-in-trade, which, you will notice, has risen from £18,199 to £34,172 in the course of the year. In doing a larger business we naturally require a larger stock-in-trade, and it is due to Mr. Ridley's untiring energy that we have been able to collect such a valuable stock-in-trade in these difficult times.

We are at present building a new staff mess-room and waiters' room on our own premises. When these are completed we hope to re-open the old downstairs grill-room. It has been a matter of regret to the directors to keep this valuable room closed so long, but building was, of course, out of the question during the war, and the room could absolutely not be spared till further accommodation was erected. We have on hand also a scheme for improving and enlarging the kitchen, in order to be better able to cope with the increased business. In conclusion, I should like to mention that our staff has all worked loyally and well, and that we have not only kept together our old clientele, but added to it. (Applause.) As I mentioned before owing to Mr. Ridley's energy and foresight, we have considerably added to our stocks of high-class wines, liqueurs, and cigars, so that for a long time to come our customers can rely on still getting the best of everything at Romano's. The Chairman concluded by proposing a resolution for the adoption of the directors' report and balance-sheet and the payment of a dividend of 7½ per cent. free of income-tax, on the share capital of the company.

Sir T. Vansittart Bowater, Bt., seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

Mr. R. G. Pulleyn proposed the re-election of Mr. W. B. Purefoy as a director.

The resolution was seconded by Mr. Wm. Clarke and unanimously approved.

The auditors (Messrs. Blakemore and Co.), having been re-appointed on the motion of Mr. Clarke, seconded by Mr. Quinton,

Sir T. V. Bowater said that, before the meeting dispersed, he would like, on behalf of the shareholders, to congratulate the directors on the excellent year's working, and to propose a vote of thanks to them. He also desired to include in the vote the members of the staff who had rendered such valuable assistance to the directors during the past year. He hoped that they might have an equally successful year next year, or, if possible, a better one.

The motion was seconded by Mr. Pulleyn and carried unanimously.

The Chairman briefly acknowledged the compliment, and the meeting terminated.



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All arrangements have been completed for the commencement of dealings in the Funding Loan and Victory Bonds on Monday next. For some weeks dealers have felt rather apprehensive about the opening of business in these securities. The impression was fairly general that investors had bought all, if not more, than they wanted, when the loans were issued in June-July, and while there might be many sellers, there would be few buyers. A healthier view is now taken. Some brokers have good buying orders in hand, and it is certain that the initial quotations will not be at such a large discount as was at one time feared. At present the Five per cent. War Loan is the most favoured of its kind, because its interest is paid without deduction of income-tax at source; but it is quite likely that the Funding Loan and the Victory Bonds will become strong competitors. The fact that Victory Bonds are acceptable at par for the payment of death duties is highly important as a means of extinguishing the Loan. For the current year the death duties are estimated at £33,500,000, and the total issue of Victory Bonds is £360,000,000, including conversions. If all death duties were paid in bond the entire issue would be taken off the market in eleven years.

To the old-fashioned investor the stock markets must be somewhat bewildering. High-class investments with fixed dividends have suffered cruel depreciation, while extravagant prices—as it seems—are being paid for "prospects." Before the war the normally-cautious individual expected to obtain a yield of about 10 per cent. on Oil shares, or 8 per cent. on the best of them. To-day £4 10s. is being paid for Oil shares of £1 denomination, which in the most favourable circumstances will not pay any dividend for two years. This condition is not peculiar to the Oil market. The Mining List provides many similar instances, and much of the current buying of Rubber shares will not be justified by actual dividends before the year 1921. Yet there is method in this form of madness. With the present high cost of living and high income-tax, a yield of five, six or seven per cent. to-day is equivalent to two to three per cent. before the war. Old-fashioned investments do not provide a living wage, and the investor is forced to more speculative means of augmenting his income.

Insistent buying of Argentine Railway ordinary stocks has caused a pronounced advance in quotations, which appears likely to make further headway. The railways are receiving higher rates for their traffic in compensation for increased wages and expenses, and at the same time traffic is moving more freely, now that better shipping facilities are available for exports and imports. Argentina has been starving for imports of manufactures and of luxuries during the war, and this class of traffic should be very remunerative. Here again the buying represents a recognition of prospects rather than immediate dividends, as the final distributions for the year 1918-19 by the Argentine railways will be small. The four per cent. debentures of the three leading lines—Buenos Ayres Great Southern, Buenos Ayres Western and Central Argentine—which are well secured, stand at about 67 and yield 6 p.c. The ordinary shares of these companies, which stand respectively at 77, 78 and 61 at the time of writing, received 2 p.c. for 1917-18, and it will be at least twelve months before they will yield 6 p.c. on the present prices. Yet the buyers ignore the assured 6 p.c. obtainable on the debentures, and strive after the prospect of a higher return of income in the ultimate future. This, as we have suggested, is merely symptomatic of current conditions.

Last week mention was made of the probability that Brewery shares had reached the apex of their rise, assuming that the purchasing power of the brewers' best customers, derived largely from wages in munition and similar factories, is likely to be reduced. Another interesting question of a somewhat different nature arises in respect to motor car companies. The leading firms have done exceedingly well during the war, and most of them have doubled their capital. They have on hand orders for private cars which will keep them busy for many months, and the immediate future therefore is assured. Then they will have to face serious competition from the United States, where cars are being turned out for delivery in this country at prices, including freight and import duty, which are lower than British manufacturers can quote, having regard to cost of labour and materials.

Among the many industrial shares receiving favourable attention are Roneos, manufacturers of office appliances. The company was adversely affected during the war owing to its foreign interests, but has made a good recovery. Its financial year ends in June. An interim dividend of 1s. 6d. a share was paid in April, and the final dividend should be better than that. With the revival of continental business an expansion of profits should be experienced in the current year. Other shares capable of improvement are Alby Carbide and Nitrogen Products. The chairman of the two companies retired recently, and the sale of his shares has depressed the markets. Amalgamation of the two companies has been arranged, and will be placed before shareholders shortly for sanction. By this scheme the combined capital will be reduced by about £400,000 and various economies effected. The business is somewhat speculative, but prospects are considered good.

Rand mining shares have been temporarily checked by increased assessment of the companies under the Miners' Phthisis Act; but this charge should be largely overset by the enhanced profits to be obtained from the arrangements enabling gold producers to take advantage of the exchanges and sell at the most favourable market prices. At the present time an increase of more than 10 p.c. in the price of the gold could be realised, and practically the whole of this increase may be added to profit. As a rough example of the effect of the increase the return of the Randfontein Central Company for August may be taken as an example. The month's output realised £171,483 for an estimated profit of £10,136. An addition of 10 p.c. of the sum realised would make a profit of £27,284. The precise significance of this arrangement for selling gold appears not to have been fully recognised. It makes a remarkable difference to some of the low grade mines, which have been earning a very small profit on a large output. West African and Rhodesian gold producers are to receive the same advantages.

Although textile shares have experienced a substantial rise, the brokers who are in touch with the industry take optimistic views. A good deal of the recent buying has been speculation for a quick profit, but on any reactions such shares as Fine Spinners, Bleachers and Calico Printers should be worth taking up. It is stated that the volume of business booked and in sight is sufficient to keep the entire industry fully occupied at remunerative rates for a long time to come.

Shareholders in Price's Patent Candle bought on very favourable terms. At the beginning of the year the £16 shares stood at about £45. For some time there have been "knowing" buyers at £50 to £54. A subsequent jump of about £25 in the quotation indicates how well informed were those buyers. Leakage of information cannot be avoided, but it operates harshly on the unwary shareholder who sells for £50 a share which the buyer knows to be worth £80.

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